

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Chapter I-At the suburban home of Charles Wainwright, "high financier," he and his broker, Scott Gibbs, hatch up a scheme to corner Borough street railway stock. They rely upon the support of Dick Horrigan, boss of the neighboring city, who is coming to discuss matters. Alderman Phelan, the thorn in Horrigan's side, whom Wainwright is anxious to conciliate, is also coming. Among the members of Wainwright's household are his niece and nephew, Dallas and Perry Wainwright, and his secretary, Thompson, a secretive young man in whom the financier has implicit confidence. Judge Newman, a neighbor of Wainwright, whose continuance in office depends upon Horrigan's favor, requests Wainwright's intervention with the boss. Another visitor to the Winwrights' is Alwyn Bennett, in loe with Dallas, who is calling to ask her about her rumored engagement to Gibbs. Perry is in love with Synthia Garrison, also a neighbor. II-Cynthia is the daughter of a bank president who nine years before the opening of the story was ruined by the dealings of an unnamed dishonest financier and shot himself. His son thereupon disappeared. Mrs. Bennett congratulates herself upon the immaculate record of her son's defeased father. Dallas refuses to marry kids an' starvation, an' was barely Alwyn unless he does something able to keep body an' soul togetherworthy of his family and education. Phelan and Horrigan face each other. III.-Phelan defies Horrigan. Judge Newman is turned down by the boss, but at Wainwright's request Horrigan becomes suspicious of Thompson, but Wainwright scoffs at the idea. Horrigan and Wainwright makes a corrupt deal whereby the former, for a big consideation, is to procure from the board of aldermen a perpetual franchise for the Borough street railway. The boss is worried by the reform movement threatening his voice at whose sound the little spell of power at the coming election and is sentiment was broken and which causcasting about for a candidate for mayor with a clean record. He hits noyance toward the door.

Scott Gibbs, bland, well groomed, upon Bennett, who has had some slight political experience. The latter accepts, but warns Horigan that, old. if elected, he will be absolutely honest and independent.

IV .- Bennett is elected and appoints Cynthia his private secretary. Phelan tells him that the financier who caused the ruin of the Garrisons was Wainwright, who is also the power behind the crooked Borough franchise bills, with Horrigan and Gibbs. Dallas and Mrs. Bennett visit the city

CHAPTER V.

the girl he had so long miss the city hall too." ed and who had inspired him to all he before him.

and eagerly grasped both her outstretched hands the girl bowed in mock reverence and answered his ardent greeting with a demure: "Good afternoon, your honor!"

"Don't!" he begged half in jest. "It's to good to see you again that I"-

"I sent word that I had a surprise for you, Alwyn," interrupted his mother. "I knew it would please you. But," with a glance at the alderman, "you're busy? Perhaps we"-

"Not at all, mother. May I present Alderman Phelan? Miss Wainwright,

"Alderman Phelan of the Eighth," amended the politician, thoroughly ill and unkind, to say the least." at ease in the presence of the visitors. "I must be goin' now, your honor. I"--But Dalias had come forward with a smile that melted the speaker's em-

barrassment in an instant. "The Alderman Phelan who gives turkeys to all those poor people at Christmas?" she asked in genuine in-

terest. "I've often read about"-"The same, ma'am, at your service," assented the delighted Phelan. "I fill 'em with turkey out coal in winter nett. an' I take their wives an' kids on

outings in summer. Ever been to one of the James Q. Phelan outings, miss?" "No," replied Dallas, with a perfectly grave face. "I'm sorry to say I

haven't. Tell me about them, won't

"They've got to be seen to be under stood. A thousand poor tired wivean' white faced, spindly kids turned out into the country for the ou! glimpse of green grass an' shady tree they ever get all year. A thousand mothers an' children out in a cool grove with nothing to do but roll around the soft grass an' play an' eat all the fancy grub they can hold.

Maybe, miss, it wouldn't mean a lot to ;



had a surprise for you, Alwyn," in terrupted his mother.

you, but if you'd been workin' an' livin' an' sleepin' an' starvin' for twelve months in a stuffy, dark, smelly back tenement room, toilin' like a slave to keep food an' clothes betwixt the well, maybe then you'd understand what them outings an' turkey fests an' loads of coal means to the poor. And they won't turn down Jimmy Phelan at Horrigan's orders."

"I do understand," cried Dallas, her big eyes bright with tears. "I understand, and, in behalf of all women and children, I thank you with my whole heart!"

"You're all right, miss," muttered the delighted, embarrassed Phelan, at once at a loss for words. "You're-you're all right! I'll leave it to his honor if"-

"Indeed she is!" broke in a suave

quite ignoring the other men's lack of welcome, stood bowing on the thresh-

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Alwyn," whispered Mrs. Bennett in a hurried aside to her son as the latter summoned up sufficient civility to greet the newcomer. "I forgot to tell you. Mr. Gibbs was calling on Dallas when I stopped for her, and he asked leave to come along. I'm sorry, but"-

"How are you, Bennett?" Gibbs was saying. "And-Mr. Phelan, too, isn't; this.' And I steered my course acit? Alderman, I'm glad to see you again. You remember me? Scott Gibbs? I met"-

"Yes," sald Phelan, "I remember you, all right. You was up to Wainwright's ALLAS:" cried Bennett, ob- last summer-that day me an' Horrilivious of his surroundings- gan sent the dove of peace screechin' of everything except that up a tree. I didn't know you visited

"I don't, as a rule," answered Gibbs. had achieved-that she was standing "I came here with Mrs. Bennett and Miss Wainvright. I wanted a glimpse It was Dallas herself who brought of the man who can make one pen him to a sense of the other's presence, stroke that will send Borough Street for as he sprang forward to meet her railway stock up to 100 or down to 10." "Do you mean," broke in Dallas, "that Mr. Bennett can really have such an effect on the stock market?"

"That and more." Gibbs assured her. Why, the mere rumor that he meant to veto the Borough's franchise bill has sent the stock tumbling eight points since the market opened today."

"What power for one man!" exclaimed the girl, turning to Bennett in surprise. "And are you going to veto

"Office secrets." reproved Alwyn jestingly. "Hands off!"

"Veto it?" echoed Glbbs, with a laugh. "Of course he isn't. It would banged open and be too hard upon his friends-unfair

"But why?" queried Dallas, forestall-Ing Alwyn, who was about to speak.

"Because," cut in Gibbs before Bennett could interfere, "the men who are backing the Borough bill are the men had a lady callwho made him mayor. It wouldn't be ing on you," he square for him to turn his new power against the very men who gave him that power. Now, would it?"

"By 'the men who are backing the bill' whom do you mean?" asked Ben-

"Oh. I just spoke in generalities. As a matter of fact, the break in the price | you that at the today was lucky for those who wanted door."

"An' your firm's doin' most of the buyin', I'm told," interpolated Phelan. "We have a great deal of the stock, I admit," said Gibbs; "so you see, Ben-

nett, you can make me or break me. I

place myself in your hands." "I see you are taking a most unfair advantage of me, Mr. Gibbs." retorted Alwyn, with some heat. "You have no right to thrust this information on me

and to appeal"-"But I was only"-

"You were trying to influence my action toward the Borough bill. You can-

"Why, I didn't think you'd be angry

"I'm not. Let's drop the subject. please." "I only answered Miss Wainwright's

questions. P'-"We'll leave Miss Wainwright's name

out of the matter, please," replied Ben-"Certainly, if you like," assented Gibbs, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "I am afraid my time is up. Good day, Bennett. I'm sorry you mis-

construed"-"I didn't. Good day."

"Pil be on my way, too," announced Phelan, breaking the awkward pause that followed Gibbs' exit. "Ladies. I'm proud to have met you. If either of you knows a poor woman needin' a turkey or a family wantin' an outing. just drop me a line, an' I'll see they get it. An' they needn't come from my ward neither."

"That's bad politics, alderman!" laughed Bennett.

"It's good humanity, though. There's two things I love to do-first, to down the man who's me enemy, an', second, to give good times to folks who's strangers to fun. Goodby, your honor. I'll be in ag'in now I've found my way. ladies."

"Alwyn," said Mrs. Bennett as the alderman bowed himself out with many flourishes, "I want to see Cynthia. Can I go into her office now, or is she too busy? I'll be back in a few me. I know how anxious she is to see you again."

"I wonder what Pheian would think wyn as the old lady bustled into the inner room, leaving Dallas and himself escape. Great fun can be had by tossalone. Perhaps Dallas, too, understood, for her manner was less assured than usual as her eyes met his.

"It is so good-so good to see you again!" he said. "It seems years in taken. stead of months since you went away." time! And what a magnificent fight tle and then blow a bubble in the cen-"But how splendidly you've filled the you made! I was so proud of you,

"Really? I remember you once said and that you weren't at all proud of lution and then remove it with the I was a mere idler-a rich man's son-

"That is past. You are awake now."

"Forget it? Not for worlds. I owe all my success to you, Dallas. It was your face that strengthened me when mirable effect.-Pathfinder. there seemed no hope. It was the memory of your words that kept me brave and made me resolve to win against all odds. You were my inspiration, the light in my darkness. At each step I thought 'Dallas would be glad' or 'Dallas would not approve of

cordingly to victory."

"No, no!" murmured the girl. "It was your own courage, your strength"-"Not mine. It was your faith in me. Do you know, I think no man ever accomplishes anything by himself. There is always a woman, I think, behind every great achievement. The world heart of the man who is making the the knights of old, and the triumph is hers, not his. Whether his reward is the crown of love or the crown of therns, she is the inspiration."

"Then if I had a share in your success I am very happy, Alwyn, for your name is in every mouth. You are the man of the hour, even as you were in the olden days on the football field. Oh, I am proud of you-very, very proud! There is a glorious future before you."

"That all rests in your dear hands,"

cried Alwyn. "Future or present, Dallas, it's all

the same. If only you"-"Say, Bennett," roared a deep voice as the door from the outer office was

Horrigan, red faced and angry, burst in, "I understand that you've- Oh, I didn't know you broke off.

"Well, I have," retorted Bennett, furious at the untimely intru-"Ingram sion. should have told 5

"Don't keep me wait-ing long," said "I don't stop-to Horrigan.

hear what folks tell me at doors. I'll wait outside til you're alone."

"Don't trouble to wait. Goodby," "You can bet I'll trouble to wait." snarled Horrigan. "There's something you and I have got to settle today Understand? I'll be outside. Don' keep me waiting long!"

To be continued.

## BLOWING BUBBLES.

Use a Paper Cone and Make Them Five Feet In Circumference.

Bubble blowing is an amusement that all of us enjoyed in our early days. It was a diversion that was good for both indoors and out of doors, but there is more real enjoyment when you make scientific preparation for the blowing, for there is a science in blowing bubbles.

The best thing so far discovered for feet in circumference, provided the right kind of solution is used. All sorts of tricks can then be done, such or a spinning top inside of it. Some persons have become so expert that they can place three or four bubbles inside one another, brightening the effect very much by filling the small bubble in the center with tobacco smoke. Blowing a pin wheel around inside of a bubble always elicits a great deal of applause from the onlookers.

The solution that you use is, of course, very important. Ordinary water and soap do not possess the elasticity for making big bubbles. The best solution found so far is made by filling a quart bottle half full of distilled or soft water. Sift into it four-fifths of an ounce of castile soap powder and allow it to dissolve. Then add a third of a pint of pure glycerin. The bottle of liquid should be placed in a room where the temperature is about 70 degrees. When blowing the bubbles the room should have a temperature of from 65 to 75 degrees. Pour some of the solution into a vessel large enough to admit the large end of the cornucopia and let it be free of froth or little bubbles, as these are disastrous to blowing large bubbles. Dip the wide end of the horn into the liquid and then turn it slowly at right angles while you take it away. If there is a film on the opening, you are ready to blow; if not, dip again. Blow gently through the small end, move the horn minutes, Dallas, and bring her with quickly to one side, and it will be free to float in the air. Some blowers become so dexterous that they can produce a large bubble filled with smoke of that for 'raw' work," thought Al. and then divide it into two bubbles with a fan without letting the smoke ing the bubbles back and forth with felt hats, as they do not burst them. A bubble may be tossed back and forth as many as 100 times if a little care is

It is interesting to place some of the solution in a frying pan, heat it a litter of the pan. The bubble will not burst, and in a few minutes the liquid within the bubble will begin to boil. Dip the mouth of a goblet into the soopening covered with a film. On this it. film blow a bubble with the cornucopia until a large one is balanced on top of the glass; then carefully remove the horn, and you will gain a truly ad-

Perpetual Silence.

A curious mourning custom obtains among central Australians, who, although representing perhaps the lowest and most degraded type of human beings, have managed to evolve a most complex system of rites and ceremonies which governs almost every action of their lives. When a husband dies the widow paints herself all over with white pigment and for the space of a year must not exhibit herself to a male member of the tribe on pain of death. For the rest of her life, unless she marat large does not see her-does not ries again, which is sometimes allowed. know of her existence-but she's in the she must not speak, but communicate with the other women by means of a fight. He battles in her name as did sign language, consisting of movements of the hands and fingers, which has been developed by these seeinges to a mervelous extent and by which their limited stock of ideas can be fully ex-

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